

A
P O E M
O N T H E
R E T U R N
O f H i s M A J E S T Y
K I N G G E O R G E
F R O M
H A N O V E R :

Inscribed to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
Princess of *W A L E S*.

By the Reverend Mr. *DANIEL*.

*Hic Dies vere mihi festus, atras
Eximet Curas ; Ego nec Tumultum,
Nec mori per Vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.*

Hor.

L O N D O N :

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A

P O E M

On His Majesty's Return, &c.



RITAIN arise, in all your Glory
smile,

Your King returns to bless his fav'rite
Isle,

Kind Heav'n which saw th' indulgent Mother's Pain,
Has giv'n the Monarch to your Arms again;
Still may you boast of such a Hero's Name,
And deathless as his Virtue fix his Fame.

What

What tributary Thanks, great Sir, are due?
 Thanks are too poor from us when pay'd to you,
 To you, from whom our choicest Blessings come,
 Honour abroad, and Liberty at home.
 When frightful Slav'ry shook his Iron Chain,
 And Giant like strid fullen o'er the Plain,
Britannia mourn'd her lost degen'rate Race,
 And a dead Pale o'erspread the Matron's Face;
 But when she saw her *Hanover* arise,
 New Joy leap'd up, and sparkled in her Eyes,
 Lightly she gave her Sorrows to the wind,
 And cast the Burthen of her Grievs behind.

So----struck with Terror, stood the trembling Fair,
 When rolling thro' the Deep she saw the Monster near,
 Short, and more short, her parting Breath she drew,
 Whilst from her Cheeks the shifting Colours flew,
 Till the brave Youth shot swiftly to her Aid,
 Her *Perseus*, who with Joy the Foe survey'd,
 Victorious sav'd, and won the shining Maid. }
 Let abject Minds in borrow'd Honours shine,
 And boast a vain Hereditary Line,
 Condemn'd to move ridiculously great,
 Or reign the Royal Grievances of State,

Your

Your manlier Glories from your Virtue spring,
 Virtue which form'd, and meant you for a King ;
 'Tis theirs to take their Lustre from a Throne,
 'Tis yours to merit, and adorn a Crown.

Had thus the mighty *Cæsar* purchas'd Fame,
 And lay'd the Basis of the *Julian* Name,
 Had he, like you, been courted to a Throne,
 And made his meanest Subjects Griefs his own ;
 His much-lov'd Friend had ne'er his Pow'r withstood,
 Nor drench'd his Dagger in the Patriot's Blood ;
 The noble *Brutus* had a Suppliant come,
 And own'd the guardian God of Liberty, and *Rome*.

A visionary Scene your *Britain* charms,
 And the lov'd Thought her glowing Fancy warms,
 In you she sees her godlike Heroes rise,
 Majestick Forms which glitter in her Eyes ;
 Her *Edwards* and her *Henries* tread the Plain,
 She hears the Thunder of their Arms again ;
 Ev'n glorious *Nassau* she laments no more,
 But finds in *George* what *William* was before.

Tho' *Albion's* Peace employs your tenderest Care,
 Remotest Realms your happy Influence share,
 To calm the jarring World to thee is giv'n,
 To Thee, thou awful Delegate of Heav'n:
 Greatly intent, you scorn inglorious Rest,
 Whilst *Europe's* Fate lies struggling in your Breast,
 Her Good, her Safety all your Thoughts controul,
 And claim the noblest Effort of your Soul,
 Resolv'd to set her injur'd Nations free,
 And make them taste the Joys of Godlike *Liberty*.

Long had destructive War with Rage oppress'd
 The Northern Pow'rs, and laid their Kingdoms waste;
 There the rough *Swede* repeld invasive Arms,
 Danger he fought, and sported with Alarms,
 To dire Revenge gave up his Country's Good,
 And rush'd upon his Foes thro' Seas of Blood;
 Whilst here the hardy *Russian* scours the Field,
 And triumphs o'er a Chief too fierce to yield:
 Dear bought the Fame, and poor is the Return,
 Which makes the Vanquish'd and the Victor mourn;
 Your healing Pity bid their Fury cease,
 And spake the angry Monarchs into Peace,

Sullen

Sullen they seem'd to part, and proud to shew
 They scorn'd to stoop to ought but Heav'n, and you.

Thus when of old contending Hosts engag'd,
 And all the Fury of the Battel rag'd,
 Should *Jove* proclaim his awful Presence nigh,
 And in low Thunder roll along the Sky,
 They drop their lifted Swords, his Voice obey,
 And undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.

Count now your Gains, and triumph if ye can,
 Ye poor Remains of the *Immortal Man*;
 No more of purchas'd Towns and Conquest boast,
 O greatly glorious at your Subjects cost,
 Stupid and fix'd your mournful Peasants stand,
 Viewing with watry Eyes th' uncultivated Land;
 Proudly elate a second *Dunkirk* rose,
 Whose Ruin buys the Friendship of your Foes,
 The *Gallick* Genius scares the World no more,
 Trembling and hush'd it listens at the Shoar,
 And fears to hear the *British* Lion roar. }

Hail, bright *Augusta*, to the distant View
 With Banners crown'd thy pompous Turrets shew,
 Wanton

Wanton and gay the flowing Beauties spread,
 High o'er the subject World erect thy Head,
 Whilst guilty Faction shuns the Hero's Sight,
 Grows faint, and sickens at superior Light,
 Do thou with Joy thy Royal Master greet,
 And pay thy willing Homage at his Feet,
 Confess the Hand from which thy Safety springs,
 And bless the best of Men, and best of KINGS.

* So when the mighty *Constantine* return'd
 To his lov'd City which his Absence mourn'd,
 Swifter than winds his eager *Romans* ran
 To hail their Chief, and view the wondrous Man,
 And whilst his slow Procession mov'd along,
 Admiring Worlds upon the Object hung,
 And the proud Scene with *Io Pæan* rung.

* *Vid. The Triumph of Constantine by Le Brun.*

F I N I S.

